May 1, 2020 (2)

I wrote this poem recently -

If I Live

If I have eyes
that work real fine
may they see past
problems of mine

If I have hands
to hold and give
may they be used
to help others live

If I have feet
to walk around
may they bring light
where darkness is found

If I have a mouth
and words come out
may it speak of hope
where there is doubt

If I have a brain
filled with thought
may it openly share
the stuff it was taught

If I have a heart
warm and living
may it love others
sharing and giving

But if I falter
doomin' and gloomin'
that's ok
I'm only human

(I originally posted this under the name "Amy's Poetry Shack")

Ok. So, I went on a poem writing rampage recently, most of them goofy, and posted under Birdtown Comics. I had to stop. I don't know why. I don't ever understand why I stop myself when I don't have to. I guess I'm just so used to messing up, that I stop myself, before I'm in trouble with God? And have to pay a high price of some sort?

Well, today, I was feeling good, and started to make up a poem in my head, it's about old people -

The Old Man

I am wrinkled
and old in years
why is there hair
coming out of my ears

I was once strong
full of adventures
now I wear
fitted dentures

...and then I made myself stop, because it started to go downhill fast, I was going to rhyme something with incontinence, or something along those lines. But if I do that, God might punish me and make ME incontinent. That's how it always is with me.

So nevermind on writing more poems, I have a poor taste streak that might get me in trouble.

But, about this poem, If I live... I was thinking about it tonight, and how true it really is. What made me think of it was, tonight I stood up and folded the laundry, then easily put it away, standing the whole time. It's been a long time since I've done that. Usually I just sit and fold it, then my husband puts it away. But I'm getting strong again, and it feels great.

And so I thought tonight, if I never would have gone through that time of weakness, and not able to walk, I never would have known the joy of basic physical strength, or appreciated it this much.

Also, I used to think strength was about bigger and better things in the world - like conquering huge challenges, or mountain climbing, or anything athletic, and so on. But I've learned - all we really need is enough strength for our everyday lives. If you can get up and take care of your basic needs, do your daily tasks, your job maybe... you have strength enough.

We really don't need to be anything more than we already are, physically. Our strength for each day is enough.

Can we please get rid of all the superhero stuff? And idolizing athletes? And can somebody please let the Mount Everest conquerors that it's ok not to reach the top of a physical mountain? And we don't have to be rich, perfect, talented, beautiful, intelligent, powerful humans?

Also, forget all that motivational junk. It's ok to be weak and tired, and not ready to move forward.

Jesus gives us His strength, when we are in Him. His strength is more than enough.

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